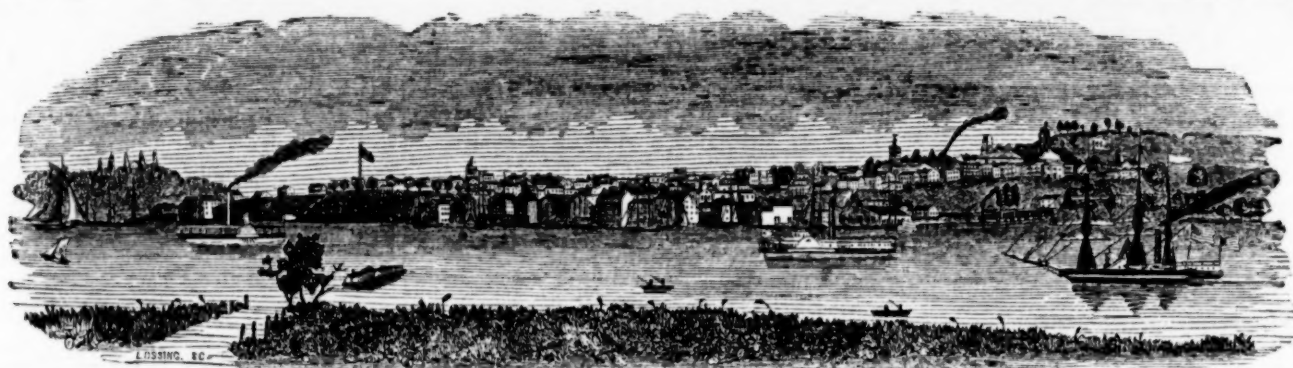


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

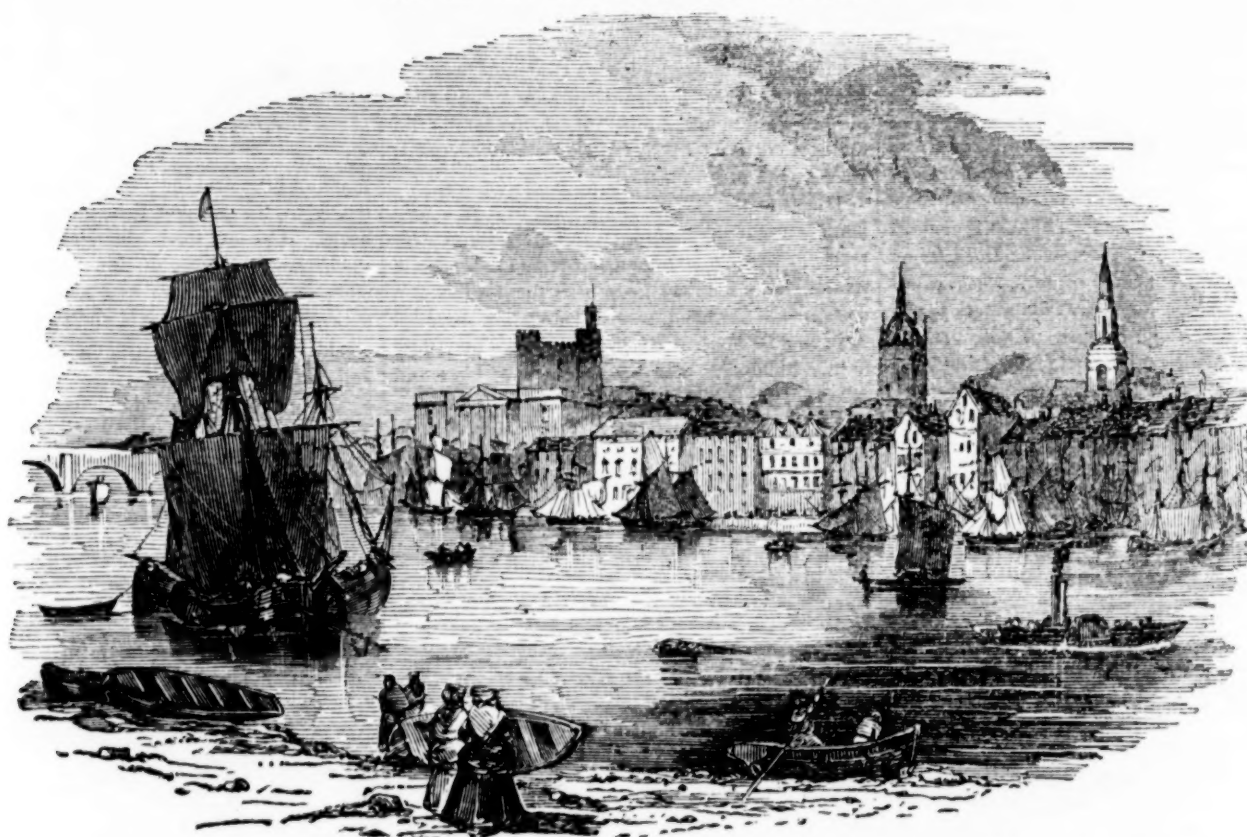
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ROTTERDAM.



ROTTERDAM, a city and sea-port town of Holland, situated on the north bank of the Maese, about 20 miles from its mouth. The town is traversed in a north-west direction by the Rotter, a small river which here falls into the Maese. Rotterdam is built in the shape of a triangle, the longest side of which stretches for about a mile and a half along the banks of the Maese, which has here the appearance of an arm of the sea. The city is encircled with a moat, and has six gates, two of which enter from the water. The streets are long, and generally narrow, and the foot pavement consists of a line of bricks. The principal streets are the Boomtjes, which contain the finest buildings in the city; and the Haringvliet. The houses, which are more convenient than elegant, are four, five, and six stories high, and in some places the upper stories project over the lower ones. The windows

are unusually large, and the ground floor is generally occupied only by an arched gateway to the back ware-houses.

The principal public buildings are the town house, the exchange, completed in 1736, the East and West India houses, the arsenal, the church of St. Lawrence, and other churches, including an Episcopal chapel, and a Scotch Presbyterian church. The top of the church of St. Lawrence commands a view of the Hague, Leyden and Dort. There is also here an academy, a theatre, and the college of the Lords of the Admiralty. Among the monuments in Rotterdam are the tombs of Admirals Dewit and Von Braakel, and a bronze statue of Erasmus, who was born in that city. Among the literary collections and institutions are a cabinet of natural history and of antiquities, a public library, and an academy of sciences, instituted in 1771.

Rotterdam has long been celebrated as a commercial city, and it possesses great advantages in that capacity. Vessels of great burden are able, by means of broad and deep canals which intersect the city, to unload their cargo at the very door of the merchant's warehouse, entering two great inlets from the Maese, the one stretching to the east, and the other to the west, till they meet. The Maese being free from ice, and a single tide being sufficient to carry vessels from the harbor to the German Ocean, this port has been more frequented by British traders than that of Amsterdam, the passage to which is more tedious and difficult.

Rotterdam flourished most in the 17th and 18th centuries; but after the invasion of the French and the war with England, its commerce was nearly destroyed.

There arrived here in 1817 from foreign ports

1731 vessels; and the number of vessels that sailed in the same year was 1771.

The imports from England are hardware, cotton, woollen goods, &c. and are greater than those from any other country. Population about 56,000.

TALES.

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

THE BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN; OR, THE DWARF AND MASSEY FINKE. A Tale of Philadelphia in Olden Time.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

Part First.

The Dock—the Storm—the Flight.

THE most crooked and serpentine thoroughfare that ever wound itself into the bosom of a modern metropolis is, oddly enough, to be found in a city, which, above all others, is characterized by the rectangular beauty of its streets, and the mathematical precision of its squares and avenues.—This street is called "Dock Street," and the city is Philadelphia. It is within the memory of some of those silver-headed old gentlemen who are occasionally seen, especially in October mornings, when the sun shines out warm and summery, walking in our streets in knee-buckles, queue and white powdered coat-collar, supporting their still vigorous frames by the aid of a stout silver or gold-topped cane; it is yet in the memory of some of these time-worn and venerable links that connect the present with the fading past, when Dock street, now stately with commercial edifices, was a winding, sluggish inlet of the river, from ninety to one hundred feet broad, and flooded, at full tide, to where now stands the marble pile of steps leading to the portico of Girard Bank.

In the earlier days of the city, an arched bridge, rudely constructed of wood, had been thrown over it at Second street, the arch elevated just high enough to suffer loaded shallops to pass underneath; for boats ascended the inlet as high up as Third street, where, nearly on the site of the present imposing structure, whence "The Dollar Newspaper" and "Graham's Magazine" are issued, was congregated a group of wretched habitations, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, fishwomen and oystermen, who held booths or open stands, for the sale of oysters and other esculents from the deep. In process of time, the inlet gradually filled up as far down as Second street, it being made the general receptacle of all the refuse and filth of the town. Its banks became lined with dwellings of a mean order, and its purlicues were, till up to the period of the revolution, the resort of the moral offscourings of society. Stores at length rose along the sides of the creek, and its shores for some distance from the river assumed the appearance of wharves; and small vessels entered the tortuous stream, and, lying alongside the rude piers, discharged their freight. It now began to assume the dignity of a dock, and by this appellation it became generally known. After the revolution, "the dock" had its limits defined, and all the creek above it was, by an order of the corporation, filled up and made a broad thoroughfare. The civic fathers, in their ambition to redeem it wholly from its former character, resolved it should become a sort of "Boulevard." To this end, they levelled it with great care and planted a row of Lombardy poplars on each side of it. But modern innovation

has left now no trace of this intention in the compact structures dedicated to commerce that line its sides.

At the period of our tale, the Dock was in its state of transition from the condition of a creek, with its wooden arched bridge and wretched abodes lining its banks, to the "mall" of Lombardy poplars! Shallops still passed underneath the low bridge, by dipping their masts, and penetrated some way up the winding inlet, between rows of rambling old houses, with rude stairways leading down into the water, where, at all times, fastened to a bolt lay one or more fishers' skiffs. In some instances the smacks of the fishermen were drawn up alongside of the dwellings of the owners, so that they could spring on board from the back door, the masts rising far above the low projecting eaves.

Among the eight or nine unpainted, miserable abodes that were closely huddled about the narrow head of the inlet, stood one remarkable for having around its roof a wooden balcony, though now ruinous, and for being so far built over the dark waters of the dock as to stand upon piles driven in ten feet distant from the shore; a sort of roof projected still farther out over the water from the second story, and once covered a windlass and blocks for hoisting goods in the building, having been, in its better days, a King's House of Customs; but it was too much dilapidated now for any other purpose than to afford miserable shelter to the inmates that tenanted it. Who these individuals were we are now to learn.

It was at the close of the second day of a wild tempest from the Southeast, in the month of October, 1788, that a woman, coarsely clad, with a scarlet cotton kerchief tied, after the fashion of a coif, around her head, was seated upon a low stool in the corner of a wide fire-place on the first floor of this building. The apartment was large and desolate; for it had been formerly the store-room. Dark beams and unplastered rafters were visible around in the gloom which a few chips of heavy drift-wood, burning in the high cold chimney-place, instead of dissipating only served to increase by their fitful illumination. A few much-worn garments hung from oars and boat-hooks laid across the rafters, above the red brick chimney, and a mast, with a patched sail hanging down nearly to the floor, served to separate in a measure the space about the hearth from the remainder of the wide, cheerless apartment.

The woman was about forty years of age, and the relief given to her features by the red handkerchief, lent them a bold, masculine character. As no hair was visible beneath the kerchief, a beholder, remarking the high, bold, retreating forehead and prominent nose, would have hesitated to judge by them whether she were a man or woman. Her eye, as at intervals the fire light would shine brightly upon her face, it could be seen, was large, dark and piercing, and her mouth finely formed but compressed with singular energy and determination. Yet they seemed less the hard features of a vicious woman than those of one who had been the victim of grief and care. There was kindness in her look as well as bitterness; and, doubtless, her character was marked by a mingling of both. Her chin rested between her hands, and she seemed to be engaged in communing with her own dark thoughts; for, from time to time, she would sadly shake her head from side to side, or curve her thin lip and bend her harsh brows as if under the influence of opposite but equally powerful influences from within.

For some time she had sat immovable, with her eyes vacantly fixed upon the fire and upon a pan of fish that was cooking upon it. The rain descended in torrents, with a hard, rattling noise upon the lofty roof, and against the sides of the building, which shook fearfully as the strong blasts swept and whirled around it. At intervals the thunder would explode so near that she would start and raise her eyes fearfully upward; and as flash after flash of the vivid lightning, with which the thunder was instantaneous, filled the apartment with floods of lambent flame, she would cover her eyes with her hand and muttered what sounded like words of prayer. The tides of the river had been pressed back for the last twenty-four hours against the current, and the low places of the town were flooded; and all that day the water had been rising. In the dock it had already swelled to a menacing height. That night's approach had been watched by many a dweller near the river side with foreboding and terror. As it set in and the gale strengthened, the waves rose rapidly higher and higher and suddenly they began to dash against the floor underneath where the woman was seated. She started, and erecting her head in an attitude of alarm, gazed fearfully around. The storm howled wildly without, and at intervals the winds would shriek and wail through the cordage of the "smacks" in the dock, as if the air was filled with demons. She rose and displayed in the movement a tall figure, a little bent but not without dignity, and strode to the window that looked out upon the dock. Here and there glimmered a dim light in the basement of some dwelling or low tavern; but otherwise the darkness was intense. A flash of lightning revealed to her sight, for an instant, the whole range of the dock with its "snows," shallops, and clumsy fishing smacks crowded along the banks, and the rows of old buildings on either hand. This glance, brief as it was, showed her that the water was alarmingly high, and that its surface was lashed into foam by the driving winds. She clasped her hands nervously together and murmured—

"My boy—my poor boy! He has perished or he would have returned by this time!"

"The lad is well enough; don't be troubling yourself about the youngster, Mistress Nickles," said a harsh female voice, from a corner near the fire-place; and the speaker threw off a piece of canvass that had covered her, and, rising to her feet from the wretched mattress on which she had been lying, approached the fire and took a short pipe from her bosom.

"He's maybe gone into some snug place on the shore—New Castle or Salem maybe—and while ye're a worryin' yer life out, he's makin' murr with the gay lads in the snug tap!"

As the woman gave utterance to these consoling words she stooped down over the fire which now burned brightly, the drift wood being by this time well dried, and scooped up with her smoke-blackened pipe a live coal and a little ashes, and then placing it in her mouth took the low seat the other had just vacated, and began to smoke with an air of great comfort.

In appearance, this woman was quite opposite to the one we have described, and whom she had addressed as Mrs. Nickles. She was low in stature, thick built, with shoulders the breadth of a strong man's. She had a dark complexion, and a low, wrinkled forehead, little, keen, yellowish gray eyes, a turn-up crooked nose, and a double chin that

hung down like a loose cravat, almost touching her breast. The expression of her tanned and coarse features was sinister and cunning. Her teeth were yellow snags, and one of them projected over her under lip with a hideous resemblance to a boar's tusk. Altogether she was a horrible-looking creature, and no doubt capable of great wickedness. Her hair, once black but now half gray, was cut very short and stiff all over her head, and, being clipped square above her low brows like a mopet, increased her hideous and unightly aspect. She was dressed in a sort of pea-jacket put on over a striped petticoat; and an old faded shawl was drawn close about her neck for greater warmth. Her feet were bare, and on one of them were six toes; a monstrous deformity of which she seemed particularly proud, as, with one leg crossed over the other, she contemplated the foot as she smoked her pipe.

"He should have been home yesterday morning, Massey Finke," answered the taller woman, still gazing out upon the darkness. "It's five days since he and the old man were absent, and they never stay more than four."

"They are like to stay five more, if this gale pipes away as it does," answered the woman, taking the pipe from her mouth and looking towards the window. "This is the greatest storm I ever knew since the night Tardy and I—but," she added, suddenly checking herself and winking to herself with a savage leer, "there's some things as mustn't be talked about! It's a storm, any how; enough to keep all craft snug in any nook they can find!"

"I hope Nelson is safe, as you say, but I fear! Hear how the wind shrieks and wails through the shrouds of the craft in the dock!"

"Yes; one might think the air was full of devils," chuckled the other, with a low, inward laugh. "But what's become o' my boy—my Sammis—while I was asleep?" she said, after first looking towards a heap of rags near the fire-place, and then punching them without stirring from her seat, with the end of a boat-hook. "If he's out I'll roast him!"

"I sent him down to the dock-head just before dark to see if he could see anything of the smack about the river; and he is not yet come back."

"Aye, I'll wager he's tripping in at the tap o' the King William with reevin' and swearing sailors;" she said, angrily.

"I fear most he may get drowned," answered the other with feeling. "He is careless and the night is dark, and the waters are already over the street ways. There, it dashes up under the floor again, heavier and stronger than before!"

"It's merry music! The thunder and the wind is better than an organ to me, Mistress Nickels! The boy drown! Not Sammis! He can swim like a duck! He is carousin', and they, the h—l devils, are makin' sport o' his deformity! I wish I had every strait-limbed child i' the world, if I would n't make 'em crooked-backed, then I don't love my own brat-devil—limbed as he is!"

The woman scowled darkly, and smoked away at her pipe for a few moments, and then said, musingly—

"Five days! Then they'll be back to-night—mark that, Mistress! The lad, Nelson, don't mind a storm, but rides in it as if he loved it. One day down to the bay, with the fair wind they started with, two days to fish, and two days to sail back again! They'll be here!" she said, very positively.

"I hope so, good Massey! but I don't look for them;" answered Mrs. Nickels. "The steps are already covered with water, and every wave now breaks against the floor! We shall be flooded unless the storm abates! There is Sammis!" she added, with eagerness, as the door that opened into the street was thrown violently back, and a little deformed urchin, with a monstrous head of yellowish hair made his appearance.

"Bar the door, you Satan's brat!" cried the fish woman, as the wind and rain swept in with fury.

"If I am Satan's brat, then I know whose wife thou art old mother! answered the little monster, with a leer, as he threw himself, with extraordinary strength against the door and closed it.

"Don't be sarsy, younker! What have you been doin'?"

"Lookin' down the river, I've been doin'; what hast thou been doin'?"

"Have you seen any craft, coming up, Sammis?" asked the other woman, approaching the fire-place and addressing him kindly.

"Has Sammis lightning eyes, that he can see in the dark just what people want him to see?" he asked pettishly.

"No, I did not suppose that; but I thought the lightning, as it flashed, might help your eyes as you stood on the pier head."

"That is sense! I could see, and I did see!"

"What did you see?"

"The river all white with foam caps! Houses a sailin' about in the middle like ships, and people screamin' out o' the windows o' 'em, and on the roofs and nobody to help 'em! Oh, how I laughed to think how nobody could help 'em!" And the little demon danced and clapped his bony hands, and grinned with murderous delight. The tall woman shuddered, and instinctively raised her eyes upward, while the other's eyes gleamed, and a low, exulting chuckle escaped her as she sat, with her arms folded on her knees, smoking her pipe.

"What else did you see? My boy's smack? Oh! no, no! God forbid you should have seen it there, for he would surely perish!"

"I saw boats and skiffs afloat up stream—for the wind drives every thing up, and men clinging to 'em, and, oh! how they did yell! One boy swam close to me, and reached me his hand. I took it, and then pressed him down under the water till he'd done bubblin'!"

"Good boy, Sammis! you shall have bread and fish for supper!" said his mother.

"Have you murdered, boy?" sternly and revoltingly cried Mistress Nickels.

"He was straight! I knew him! he had a straight back and I drowned him! He'll never call Sammis 'Humpy' agen!"

The old woman again laughed inwardly, and shook her head with an approving nod.

"You've been drinkin', Sammis; I smell your breath!"

"Black Rowlock treated me for swimming after his skiff, and bringin' it to shore! There, it lightens bravely! Lightnin' is good as sun-light, Grammy! if it would only stay long enough. I saw Black Rowlock's boat driftin' by a flash, and I got it back by the lightnin' helpin' me!"

"There's, then, no hope for Nelson to-night," said Mistress Nickels, again going to the window.

"The wind's lullin'!" said the fishwoman.—"There ha'n't a wave dashed up under the floor this five minutes! How is it, Sammis?"

The little wretch addressed was about three feet high and hideously humped. His voice was thin and shrill at one moment and hoarse as a boatswain's at another. He was not a child, as his height might indicate, for a strong, unshaven beard grew on his upper lip, and a tuft an inch long on his chin. He was in his twentieth year, but looked forty; while his frame was that of a boy of nine. His face was wrinkled and yellow; his mouth enormously large and filled with glittering white teeth; his eyes, prominent and gray, and excessively sparkling; and his whity brown hair hung about his low beetle-brow like a shock dog's. His expression was a compound of idiocy, cunning and deceitful malice. His costume was a grotesque melange of all colored rags, a preference being shown for red and yellow, stitched together into something like the fashion of a pair of trousers and jacket. He was not barefooted, but as he had six fingers on each hand, his feet were doubtless equally well supplied with extra toes.

"The wind 's a shiftin' a-west, Grammy," answered Sammis, taking a stone pipe from his wet jacket, lighting it, and squatting down in the chimney-corner to warm himself.

"I think it lulls!" again spoke Mrs. Nickels; "and that flash showed me the clouds breaking. Poor Nelly, my boy!"

"Poor Nelly, my boy!" mimicked Sammis from the chimney; "Sammis might be a dyin' and a drownin', and nobody'd say, 'Poor Sammis, my boy!'"

"That is a lie!" answered his mother, taking her pipe out of her mouth and punching the coal in it with an old nail; "if ever there was a son as a mother *did* love, it's you, Sammis!"

"Give me that fish for my supper, then?"

"Not all of it."

"I will eat it all!" said the young savage, stretching forth his skinny, six-fingered hand, and seizing the pan from the fire.

"Drop that, Sammis!" yelled the woman, elevating the boat-hook and shaking it over his head, menacingly.

Sammis paid no other regard to her than laughing mischievously, when she sprung at him with the boat-hook in one hand and the other extended to grasp the pan. Quicker than thought, he swung himself out of her reach, up into the chimney by one hand, tightly grasping the pan of fish in the other. From thence, he leaped upon a beam over the hearth, and then looking down with a triumphant air, he squatted upon his hams, and began voraciously to devour the contents. The enraged mother exchanged the boat-hook for a long boat-pole, sharpened at one end with iron, and was about to thrust at him, as if to impale him, when a loud joyous cry, from Mistress Nickels at the window, caused her to turn to ascertain the cause.

"They come! they come!" she cried. "I saw the shallop entering the dock by the last flash of lightning."

The other hastened to the window, and, as she reached it, a second flash revealed a brief but distinct view of a small fishing vessel, under nothing but her reefed foresail, ploughing her way up the foaming inlet at fearful speed.

"Keep the fish, Sammis! you mischievous, hungry ape!" said Massey Finke, exchanging her late tone of wrath for one more pleasant.—

"We'll have fish cnow—the men are come! What a devil can ha' drive the two home in this tempest? Tardy is never in a hurry to get back, and the

boy would rather a snug tap-room at this hour than the open deck of his craft. How they are driving in! No rope can catch them up!"

They now anxiously watched the next flash of lightning, for the darkness was still intense, though the storm had less strength, and the rain had ceased to beat against the house with the wind as before. When it came, they saw the shallop coming swiftly towards the steps, the foresail hauled down, but yet driven with fearful velocity by the tempest. The next instant the little vessel, impelled by the blast, struck against the flooded stairs in the darkness with a fearful crash, and her bowsprit passed through the side of the house, shaking the old building from the roof to its base. The idiot shrieked and reached the floor at a single bound, while his mother mingled her curses with the uproar! By the gleam of the lightning, Mrs. Nickels saw that the vessel had stove in her bows by striking full on a timber-head, and was going rapidly down, and that Tardy was swimming to the steps of the building. Of her son she saw nothing. Oh, how earnestly did she wait for the next gleam that should reveal to her his fate! It came! She saw by it the shallop was just disappearing, rolled over on one side, but Nelson was nowhere visible! She shrieked with anguish, believing him lost, and rushed to open the dock door, if possible, to save him. As she threw it wide, she beheld on the steps the tall form of her son, made visible by the red fire-light. He was yet standing deep in the water, having just reached the landing-place by swimming. She was about to throw her arms around him, when she started back with an exclamation of surprise. Beneath one arm he bore a female!

"Room! mother, room!" he said, passing her in the door, and speaking with a stern, earnest tone, as if his mind was occupied only with one thought. The woman, Massey, at the same time dragged in her husband, Tardy. The young man rushed past his mother, and hastened to the fire with his burden.

"Sammis, where the foul fiend are you?" he shouted, looking round impatiently.

"Here, Nel!" answered the dwarf, flying at once to his side, with the tone and look of a favorite.

"Wood! wood! heap wood on the fire!" Sammis briefly obeyed, and soon a bright warm blaze filled the chimney-place, and cast a bright glare throughout the room. Nelson, as he was called, without speaking to any one else, threw down an old sail by the fire, and laid his lovely burden upon it. It was a young girl, almost lifeless. Her exquisite profile, and pure skin and beautiful hands, showed that she belonged to a class superior to those around her. Her costume was a loose, dark green travelling dress, very richly made, but torn, soiled, and now heavy with water. Her head was bare, and the dark locks saturated. She was as pale as marble, and her features sharp and thin, as if from famine.

"Does she live? Who is she, Nelson?" asked Mistress Nickels, bending over with admiration. "How beautiful! She is not above eleven or twelve! Yet it is the beauty of the dead! Where did you find her?"

"No questions now, mother! Do your best to restore her!"

The result of their united exertions was the return of animation. She opened her large blue eyes, and looked round with bewildered surprise upon the faces that gazed upon her, and then closed them again with a slight shudder of fear.

"Sammis—you also, woman—stand back!" said Nelson, imperiously. "You are both enough to frighten h—!"

The woman scowled with a bitter look of hatred upon him and obeyed, but not before casting a menacing and vindictive look of dreadful significance upon the lovely creature just restored to life! Sammis saw the glance, and, pulling her down to him by her ear, whispered something which seemed to give her infernal pleasure. She then prepared to look after her husband, who, having in part changed his clothing and taken a long pull at a black bottle, was walking up and down, swearing at the loss of his shallop. He was a man of the middle height, with round shoulders, unusually long arms, and a formation indicative of great strength. His hair was fiery red, and he wore immense whiskers underneath his chin, of the same bright hue; but they were shaggy and goat-like. The expression of his face was harsh and quarrelsome, and gross animal propensities predominated over those of a higher order.

"The shallop's gone down, woman, and all for that infernal boy, who would run her in the gale, sink her, swim her;" he growled to his wife, in reply to some remark. We had got our load of fish, and were laying in New Castle for shelter all day yesterday, having put in as the storm came up. But this morning it lifted a little, and we run out to stretch for home, when we fell in with an open boat that the tide and Southeast wind had worked up the bay from the sea for what I know. It had in it the dead body of a sailor and this girl, who proved to be alive!"

"I wish I had the dead body o' the man," said Massey Finke, with a wistful, demon-like look, and speaking in a tone of regret.

"You've had enough o' that business," said Tardy, moodily.

"Don't trouble yourself, man! You mind your business, and I'll mind mine!"

"We'll have one body, any how, Grammy," said the dwarf, glancing at the child.

"Hush! you'll be heard," she said, pointing to where Nelson Nickels was trying to persuade the young female to take some nourishment of bread soaked in rum.

"We'll have to come to that business again," said the man, significantly, "now the shallop's under water. Well, what must the boy do but take her, and take her he would in spite of me, into the shallop. We had hardly got her aboard and cleared the boat, when it began to blow again as if seven fresh hands had been put at the bellows! I was for putting back into the harbor, but he, forsooth, because the gal was in tow, swore he'd run for the city! And here we are, after having been nearly shipwrecked, blown out of water, and blown under water. We kept our way by flashes of lightning, and by chance found the mouth of the dock by one and let her drive in! This is the end of it—we've lost our shallop and gained a petticoat!"

"No growling, Tardy!" said the young fisherman, leaving the girl and approaching him, and speaking in a resolute tone, at which the other shrunk in a manner that proved the moral power of Nelson over him; "the girl was perishing. I could barely keep life in her through the day! Was I to desert what the waves had spared? She has evidently been shipwrecked, and sought escape in the boat! The shallop will easily be raised after the storm is over and the tide is out. Come, set to work, and let us make the room comfortable, and

cook supper! The wind is lulling. Sammis, dive from the steps into the shallop, and bring up some of the fish! We must have supper!"

The dwarf obeyed, and took to the water like a frog, and soon re-appeared with a fish in his mouth. In this manner he brought up half a dozen, while Nelson sat by the fire watching the slumbers of the young female, and in a low voice was satisfying his mother's curiosity.

This young man was six feet high, and well proportioned. His features were strong and prominent, and would have been truly noble, but for an expression of reckless hardihood. His hair was short, and curled closely about his temples and neck, and his cheeks were without whiskers. His age was about twenty-four. His dress was that of a fisherman, and such was his profession. When he spoke to his mother his tone was gentle; but to others it was quick and brutal. There was goodness and chivalry of feeling at bottom, for the sight of the dying young girl in the boat had aroused these emotions. On finding her to be alive, he inwardly resolved to preserve her life, and, by and by, win her love; for her childlike beauty made a deep impression upon him. Though reckless, imperious and uncontrollable, Nelson Nickels was, however, incapable of any meanness, or of any act that would degrade his better nature.

"I love her, mother, and she shall be my wife!" he said, after closing his narration.

"But if she refuse to live with us!"

"We must threaten her! She must be as one of us—no matter who she may have been! She shall be one of us, and when she grows up she shall be my wife. I know I can make her love me!"

"Perhaps so, son!" said his mother, with a doubtful air; "but love is a contrary feeling with women!"

"She will have gratitude to me for saving her life;" answered Nelson, with warmth.

"Well, we'll see! But she'll want to go to her friends."

"She shall never go!" answered Nelson, with a darkening glance at her, as she slept by the fire, with her head upon his jacket for a pillow, her breathing as gentle as that of an infant. "She would have died if I hadn't saved her! Her life was forfeited to her perilous condition when I found her, and I redeemed it! She owes, therefore, her life to me—to me alone! I am its master! Her life is mine! She is dead to all others but me! Her own father could now have no claim upon her!" said the young man, talking in an earnest, low tone, and with great energy; showing, by his manner, the deep interest she had awakened in his uncultivated breast, and, by his words, the wild, lawless notions he entertained.

In the mean while, the hag, Massey Finke, sat gloomily apart with her son, her fierce, vindictive passions roused by the language addressed to her and him by the impatient Nelson Nickels. Though copartnership in fishing drew Nelson and his mother into companionship and beneath the same roof with Tardy Finke, and his wife and dwarf, there existed but little fellowship between them. Unity of interests alone kept up the outward signs of harmony. Mistress Nickels, however, was passive and patient, and when alone with Massey, got along with her in quiet. Nelson, also, had Sammis in great fear of him, and made him serviceable to him when at home, and sometimes in the shallop; for Sammis sometimes took a trip down the bay with them. He obeyed no one but Nelson, showing a total dis-

regard of his father's commands, whom he made the butt of his ridicule, and took a certain pleasure in annoying. His mother was singularly attached to him, more, perhaps, for his very deformity than she would otherwise have been; and at times he returned this affection; but his likings were mere impulses of the passing moment, and his character and disposition were as changeable as the wind. In only one thing was he consistent and immovable; and this was his deadly hatred to all children "with straight backs," as he phrased it.

Accident, two or three years before, had thrown Nelson Nickels in the way of Tardy, and, together they had pursued their fishing occupation ever since; the former, though much his junior, having, by the unbending imperiousness of his temper, in course of time, brought the latter, though a bad, vicious, brutal man, wholly under fear, and a sort of dogged submission to his will. Both Nelson and his mother knew that Tardy and his wife and brat were capable of any evil deed; but they knew nothing certainly against them, save that they had evidently some dark secret between them, which, more than once, Massey had nearly betrayed; and it was Nelson's belief that this was a secret of blood. Recent events, however, had led him closely to watch them when at home, and just before his last trip, he had become satisfied that the woman and dwarf were engaged in some mysterious trade which brought in money. The very night before he sailed, he had followed them from the house, and made a discovery which explained to him the mysterious disappearance of several laid-out corpses of children, during the past two years, from their houses at midnight, while the watchers slept. On the night spoken of, he had followed Massey and her son out about eleven o'clock, having, as he lay awake, seen them stealthily rise from their corner and open a trap-door in the floor and let themselves into a boat previously placed beneath it, closing the leaf of the door after them, without noise. He waited until the boat had shot out from underneath the floor, and then as stealthily passed out of the door and followed them, as they paddled down the dock. After reaching the entrance, they left their boat and took to the river street. At length they came to a house, from the lower window of which a solitary light was shining. They crept near it. The window was raised. Nelson approached unseen, and saw a dead child, about five years old, laid out in white upon a table, with a wreath of flowers upon its marble temples. The woman stood beneath the window, and the dwarf climbed upon her shoulders, and cautiously thrust his horrid face into the aperture. Two women were seated by the corpse, one reading to herself and the other asleep. This fact, Sammis bent down and whispered to his mother. Nelson heard her bid him enter! He threw himself lightly upon the floor, and, with a horrible distortion of his hideous visage, suddenly confronted the woman! She would have shrieked, but he laid his hand upon her mouth, when, her senses leaving her from the affright, she fell back, insensible upon the chair. The sleeper awoke not. With a horrible leer of satisfaction, the dwarf caught the body of the child in his arms and leaped through the window. His mother covered it with her cloak, and they hastened away, followed by Nelson, who had witnessed all this with surprise and a certain kind of fear, to the house of a doctor in the suburbs, who, he well knew, bore an evil name, for what deed or deeds he was ignorant until now! Here they tapped, and he

saw them admitted by the doctor, and, soon after, leave without the corpse.

Nelson, satisfied with what he had seen, hastened home, and was in his bed when they entered. The next morning he sailed in the shallop. He made known his discovery to Tardy as they sailed down the river, and this man confessed that before taking to fishing he and his wife had pursued the same trade in London and Dublin, and had followed it here a little. He denied having been engaged in it himself for some years, having left it to his woman and her boy, who always crept into the windows and carried the bodies off. He also denied ever having taken life to have a body when none offered; though he confessed that one body, after being taken, came to life, spoke, and Massey had strangled it! Nelson felt a loathing for the man and his family, and resolved, on his return, to leave the dwelling with his mother. He did not feel that moral sentiment of indignation which a correct mind would have experienced on making this discovery of the character of his companion. His sensations were those only of loathing and disgust. His feelings revolted that any one should pursue such a trade.

"I would rather kill a man fairly than steal a corpse!" he said, by way of moral reflection upon what he had discovered.

The stranger still slept, and as he watched over her he wondered at the marvellous and delicate workmanship of the Creator, in the formation of so lovely a creature—a being more beautiful than he had ever conceived of, as having existence in this lower world. The truth, the delicacy, the sentiment which lies dormant in the bosoms of the rudest men, were awakened in his soul as he gazed silently upon her. Till now he had no idea of what purity and innocence were! Gentler and more elevated feelings than he had ever before known, of which he did not seem susceptible, stirred within him! These inward movements of a better nature extended to his features, and lent to them a tender expression, to the unwonted grace of which their reckless and bold character was all unused.

"Mother!" he said, still keeping his eyes riveted on the angelic sleeper.

"Nelson!"

"There *must* be a God!" was his emphatic reply. "I have witnessed the lashing of the mad ocean—I have seen the fiery lightnings fill the heavens and earth with vivid flame—I have heard the thunder roll till the globe shook as my foot would shake this room, and yet I never thought of God! But there, in that sweet face, God dwells! There is stamped his image. There is personified my idea of what is holy, pure and good!"

The mother looked upon her son with a stare of surprise! She then gazed upon the face of the young girl, and looked as if she clearly understood all he uttered. But it was so strange! So odd! She had never heard such language from his lips before! What a change had been wrought in him! She looked pleased, for she could feel and appreciate truth; and it made her happy to see it awakened in the bosom of her reckless, headstrong boy, by the very instrument which she had been fearing would have been the means of plunging him into profligacy and crime! Mrs. Nickels, though a fisher's wife, was a woman of sentiment and feeling, though, from want of education, these qualities of the heart were unformed and imperfectly manifested. She loved her son, and strove her best to lead him in the way of duty. His father's fate

had hourly made her tremble for her son. He had been executed many years ago, in England, for robbing, with other fishermen, a vessel on the coast; but Nelson knew it not. She had kept the fatal secret of the father from the son! Hence her grief and care. She had come to the New World to bring him up, where he should never hear of his father's infamy. But as she saw him grow up in form and disposition like his father, she trembled for him, and felt solicitous for him as only a mother can feel.

In the mean while, as Massey and her son sat apart from the fire-place, she whispered to him, and said, or rather asserted—

"You didn't let the boy's body float away?"

"Did I ever do a foolish thing, Grammy, though people call me fool and idiot?" responded Sammis, with a chuckle.

"What did you do with it?" she demanded hoarsely.

"I dragged it out o' the water and threw it across my shoulder, and if you go down the stairs leadin' into the vault under the street you'll find it there! I threw it in by the cellar window!"

"Nice boy! Three pounds sterling that will bring us!" murmured the old woman, exultingly, but in the same low, cautious tone, in which she had been speaking.

"What are you talking about, old one?" suddenly cried Tardy, almost fiercely, yet speaking in a low, deep growl, so as not to be overheard at the fire-place. "You may as well let that business drop. He has found you out? Followed you, as a spy, your last cruise?" And he looked and pointed significantly at Nelson.

"If he has dogged us he shall pay for it!" she said, savagely.

"I'll break his back!" menaced Sammis, showing his glittering white teeth.

"How do you know this?" demanded the hag.

"He told me all about it! So you had best take yourself off! It's a King's crime, for you've taken life!"

"No one can prove it! So he knows it! He grows not old with his knowledge!" she muttered.

"You shall not touch him! No more blood! I never sleep but I don't see that corpse that come to life, and hear his cries to me to let him live!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the hag, inwardly; "I shall never forget how the youth knelt and prayed! What is that to us? It was no murder! What right had he to life, after he had once died and been laid out! What shall we do Sammis? Tardy'll inform, he has such a tender conscience, if we kill that spy?"

"Break *her* back?" answered the dwarf, with a horrible grin of delight at the idea!

"Good! He likes her, and means to keep her as a pet!"

"It won't be safe? I know he'll inform! You've got money! Go to New-York, if you want to save yourselves! I will stay here and fish! We need not live together!"

"No; that is a true word, Tardy. Will he 'peach Sammis?"

"I know he will; especially if he hears about this boy, you've got in the vault!" said Tardy, who wished much to get his wife and child off.

"Then I'll go to New-York! I dare not trust him! I'll go to-morrow!"

"I'll break her back first, to-night, while he is asleep!" said the dwarf, his eyes gleaming with assassin-like fire, and casting a glance of hatred towards Nelson.

"No; I have a thought," said the woman! "List here, Sammis! How would you like a little sister—a little servant to wait on you?"

"Grand, Grammy! wouldn't it be grand!" he said, with a sort of pride, very remarkable in such a character.

"Well, I have a plan! We'll have to go for safety; for there's no trusting this spy, Nelson! The first quarrel he'll inform! I hate him!"

"So do I; he calls me a cursed humpback! I'll break his little girl's back!"

"No; better than that, Sammis!" she said, taking the imp by the bony hand, and patting his yellow, shaggy hair. "This little girl shall be your servant! She shall fetch and carry and cook, and wait on you and me! We'll live easier! and we'll punish this spy for watching us! We must go away! He not only knows our trade, but you are already suspected; for the woman you frightened has described the appearance of the devil, she said, as appeared before her, and it's you exactly. We'll have the officers down upon us soon as this storm is over; and we had better follow Tardy's advice and go to New-York. We'll be safe there! To-night, you must watch with both eyes open and as soon as"—here his mother lowered her voice so that Tardy could not hear—"as soon as you see Nelson napping—for he can't keep his eyes open every minute, and as he don't suspect he won't—you must steal like a cat and grab the child! I will have the trap-door open, and you must drop it into the dock, as, now the wind is gone down, there is a foot of air between the water and the floor to swim in. You must then swim out to the stair-head, where you'll find the skiff. Get into it with her and paddle it close to the door. I'll watch my chance to get out of the door and into it! We must then put out of the dock and start across the river to the Jersey shore! We can then travel afoot to New-York. Nelson will never suspect where we have gone. When we get there, we'll live as we choose till our gold is gone, and this little girl shall be your slave!"

"I'll break her back, then!"

"No! wait till there is no more need of her, and then we can sell her body, you know!"

"I don't want to kill her—only to break her back! If I have a slave, she shall have a broken back like her master!" answered the savage, who had conceived the horrible notion that to break a child's back would at once make it become as hideous as himself. The monster pined for sympathy and affinity.

The plan that the hag had planned was successful. Towards morning, Nelson, who, hour by hour, had watched over the child, with mingled pleasant and sad thoughts, at length let his head fall upon his breast. The dwarf, who was watching him with an eye like a serpent's, crept softly towards the fire-place, in which burned a tin lamp filled with fish oil. The lamp shed its light upon Mrs. Nickels, who slept by the side of the child, upon the face of the sleeping young man, and upon the features of the lovely child. A softer hue had been communicated to the marble cheek by its long refreshing sleep, and as it lay in sweet repose, looking like a youthful angel that had wandered from Heaven and got lost on earth, the dwarf paused to gaze, struck by the exquisite perfection of what he beheld. He looked for a moment upon her with a sort of wonder, awe and pity, and then, with a noiseless movement, raised her in his long arms and bore her swiftly towards the trap door, which his

mother was holding open. As he came to it she closed it and pointed to the door.

"He sleeps so soundly there is no need of wetting her by swimming to the skiff! I'll open the door!" she said in his ear. "If he misses the skiff he will know we have crossed the river."

Softly she unbarred the street door, and forth both issued into the darkness, the dwarf carrying the child who still slept, so gentle and noiseless had been his movements. They took their way down the Dock lane to the river side. The storm had broken, but the heavens were murky with enormous black masses of cloud that were slowly floating towards the South, with, at intervals, a star sparkling through an opening. Their way was perilous, as the water was over the banks and a torrent was flowing down the alley.

"There is black Rowlock's skiff, just where I fastened it to the sign-post of this tavern;" said the dwarf, stopping at the corner of an old Inn, with the water up to its steps, and detaching the painter of a boat from a sign-post, at the top of which, by daylight, might have been seen swinging a portrait of "King William." Into this the two stepped; and placing the young girl on his mother's lap, Sammis took a pair of oars from the gallery of the Inn, and pulled fearlessly out into the foaming and wildly tossed current of the river.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

WHEN we look around on the works of creation, we are everywhere met with objects that tend to excite feelings at once heavenly and sublime: for who that retires from the noise and bustle of active life, and contemplates the beauties of nature as they are spread out before him, but feels that God is good, and his "loving kindness is over all his works!" The verdant lawn, the variegated landscape, the majestic river as it flows on in all its peaceful loveliness, the tall and stately oak that waves in the extensive forest, with the little shrub that bends its tiny petals over the edge of the murmuring rivulet—all combine to fill the devoted mind with the highest degree of pleasure. But the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree; for, to relish with full delight the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality, or ambition, quick in its sensibilities, elevated in its sentiments, and devout in its affections. If this feeling were cherished by every individual to that degree which is consistent with the indispensable duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be greatly augmented. From this source the refined and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived. The fine arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects. And where would be the charm of poetry, if divested of the imagery and embellishment which she borrows from rural scenes? The contemplation of nature's scenery contributes powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens her beauties, and is necessary to our full enjoyment of them. By a secret sympathy, the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates, and the frame within assimilates itself to that without. In this state of sweet composure, we become

susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox we view with generous complacency, the guileless sheep with pity, and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love. We are likewise charmed with the songs of the birds as they warble forth their notes of praise, and soothed by the buzz of insects, and pleased with the sportive motion of fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment in the smiles of the Author of their existence.

But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes. The cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, and beautiful in the universe. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatible with the sensibility of taste which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us. Emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom that is in unison with all animated nature. Influenced by this heavenly principle, we find a fane in every grove, and while we look forward with blest anticipations to the time when we shall be transplanted to a more genial soil, our soul is lighted with new and living faith to pursue the heavenly journey, until we are permitted to behold those fields of immortal bloom, where no prospect of decay shall ever enter, but where we shall pluck ambrosial fruit from life's fair tree, and partake of those "streams that make glad the city of God."

Canaan, N. Y. 1844.

ADELAIDE.

BIOGRAPHY.



SIR EDWARD COKE.

SIR EDWARD COKE, a celebrated judge, was born at Mileham, in Norfolk, in 1549. His studies were at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Inner Temple. In 1578 he pleaded his first cause, and was appointed reader of Lyons Inn, where he acquired great reputation by his lectures. The fortune which he gained by an extensive practice he increased by two advantageous marriages, the last of which being with the sister of Burleigh gave him also political influence. In 1592 and 1593 he was made solicitor and attorney general, and in the latter office disgraced himself by the manner in which he conducted the prosecution of the earl of Essex. This fault he repeated in his prosecution of Raleigh. In 1603 he was knighted; in 1606 appointed chief justice of the Common Pleas; and in 1615 was raised to the chief justice of the King's Bench, and a privy counsellor. As a judge, his conduct was honorable to him. In 1616, however, falling into disfavor with James I. he was dismissed from his high office, and from the council, in a manner which was more disgraceful to the monarch than to the judge. It is to be regretted that Coke endeavored, though vainly, to recover his places by mean concession to the minion Buckingham. To

the council he was, indeed, at length restored, but was soon expelled again, and committed to the Tower for his spirited and patriotic behavior in parliament. The hatred which he had thus excited he continued to merit during the remainder of his senatorial career, from 1623 to 1628, and he had a principal share in framing the celebrated Petition of Right. He died at Stoke Pogies, in Buckinghamshire, in 1634. Pre-eminent in legal knowledge, acute, and of a solid judgement, Coke had none of those fine intellectual qualities which shed a lustre round their possessor. It is only as a judge and as a senator that he can be regarded with satisfaction. His works may be considered as law classics. Among the most celebrated of them are his Reports; Book of Entries; and Institutes of the Laws of England.

MISCELLANY.

A HONEY MOON OF THREE MONTHS.

I ACCEPTED his proposal. The very thought of marrying him was paradise; and I did marry him. It was a constant succession of amusements; theatre, balls, excursions, all enjoyed with the charming Lemaire. And he so happy, too. I thought he would have devoured me. We were verily in practice three months, at the end of which time he came one morning into the room, swinging an empty purse in the air.

"Now, I think," said he, with the same cheerful countenance he usually wore, "that I have paid my devotion to you in a remarkable manner.—Another man would have thought it much if he had made some sacrifice to gain possession of you for life. I have spent every farthing I had in the world to possess you for three months. Oh, that those three months were to live over again. But every thing has its end."

And he tossed the empty purse in his hand. I laughed at what I called a very pleasant jest; for who did not know that M. Lemaire was a man of ample property? I laughed still more heartily when he told me that a coach stood at the door to take me back to my father, and begged me not to keep the coachman waiting, as in that case the fellow would charge for time, and it had taken his last sous to pay his fare by distance. I clapped my hands in applause of my excellent comedian.—But, gracious Heaven! it was all true. There stood the coach at the door, the fare paid to my father's house, and an empty purse was literally all that I had now to participate with the gay, wealthy, and accomplished Lemaire.

"What?" I exclaimed in rage and agony, as the truth broke upon me, "do you desert your wife?"

"Desert my charming wife!" he replied. "Ask the hungry pauper, who turns his back to the fragrant restaurant, if he deserts his dinner. You are as bright, as beautiful, as lovely as ever—you cannot think with what a sigh I quit you."

"But—" and I began a torrent of recrimination.

"But," said he, interrupting me, "I have not a sous. For you," he continued, "you are as charming as ever, you will win your way only the better in the world for this little experience; and as for me, I have been in Elysium three months, and that is more than your excellent and prudent men can boast of, who plod on, day after day, that they may continue plodding to the end of their lives.

Adieu, my adorable, my angel that will now vanish from my sight."

And here, in spite of my struggles, he embraced me with the greatest ardor, and then tearing himself away, as if he only were the sufferer, he rushed out of the room. I have never seen him since.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

COLONEL CROCKET IN A QUANDARY.

"I NEVER but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering campaign for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods, so particularly pestered by politics, that I forgot my rifle. Any one may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his inventive faculties, I guess. It chanced, as I was strolling along, considerable deep in congressionals, the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree, the entrance being more than forty feet from the ground. I mounted the tree, but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hand, so I went feet foremost, to see if I could draw them out with my toes. I hung on, at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped and down I went, more than twenty feet to the bottom of that black hole and there I found myself hip deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greatest part of a rain low as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a real, genuine, regular quandary. If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement; and if they did hear me, the story would ruin my election, for they were a quantity too cute to vote for a man that had ventured into a place that he couldn't get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after the election, I heard a kind of fumbling and grumbling over head, and looking up I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always "go a-head!" and as soon as she had lowered herself within my reach I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck-horn-hafted penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward—I'll be shot if ever member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did. She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

DUTY OF OLD AGE.

A MATERIAL part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to a race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field in which they may so employ themselves as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their experience; to instruct them in proper conduct and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and to virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.—*Dr. Blair.*

THE NOSE.

A MAN who has lost his nose, says an old Scotch Journal, has peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages; he cannot follow his nose, but then he cannot be poking it in every thing. He cannot blow his nose, but then he saves a pocket-handkerchief. He cannot be stuffed up his nose, but then he cannot take snuff, which is, however, another saving. If he goes to sleep, you cannot tickle his nose; and when he is awake, he cannot run his nose against a post. Let him drink what he will, he will never have a red nose, and never be exposed to the nickname of "Nosey;" and let him be as impertinent as he will, he may defy you to pull his nose. "Sir," said a man to another with a false nose—"I'll pull your nose." "Sir," said he, "I shall put my nose in my pocket."

FASHION.

"WHAT an insult to humanity," says some shrewd fellow, "is the present deference paid to dress and upholstery—as if silk-worms and looms, silks and scissors, could produce something nobler than a man"—or, we might add more exquisitely beautiful than a woman.

Notice.

ABOUT two or three years since we lent to some person the 1st and 2d volumes of the "Hudson Weekly Gazette," a Newspaper published by Ashbel Stoddard, (deceased) of this city. The volumes begin in March 1786 and end in March 1788, and was the first paper printed in this county. Any one having the above volumes, will oblige us by returning the same, to this office, or by giving us information where they can be found.

W. M. B. STODDARD.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Z. F. C. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$3.00; J. C. W. East Pembroke, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. P. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; D. E. V. V. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; E. W. South Rutland, N. Y. \$1.00; M. T. C. Parma Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Avoca, N. Y. \$3.00; S. B. Cedarville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. O. Andover, O. \$1.00; E. N. Alford, Ms. \$1.00; O. B. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; G. D. K. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; A. J. C. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss L. C. Carthage, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. S. Chicago, Ill. \$3.00; P. M. Truxton, N. Y. \$2.00; N. T. Collins, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. Little Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. S. Unionville, Ga. \$1.00.



BOUND
In Hymen's silken bands.

In this city, Sunday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. B. B. Bunker, Mr. Edward Crossman, to Miss Charlotte Winslow, both of this city.

At Hillsdale, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, William W. Welch, M. D. of Norfolk, Ct. to Miss Emeline Collin, daughter of the late Henry Collin, of Yates Co. N. Y.

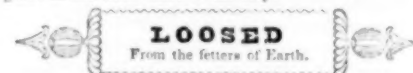
In Kinderhook, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. B. Van Zandt, George Van Santvoord, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Van Schnack, second daughter of the Editor of the Kinderhook Sentinel.

At New-Haven, Ct. on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Teasdale, Mr. Samuel A. Van, late of this city, to Miss Jane Brown, of the former place.

In Kinderhook, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. R. Dederick, Mr. Levi Dederick, of Claverack, to Miss Charity A. Hoysradt, of Kinderhook.

At New Lebanon, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. W. Belknap, Allen B. Davis, to Delia M. Sackett, all of New Lebanon.

In New-York on Monday, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ballou, Mr. Azariah Giffin, of the same place, to Miss Martha, daughter of Mr. Isaac Hall of this city.



LOOSED
From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 11th inst. Mrs. Ruth Macy, in her 89th year.

On the 20th inst. Lucinda, consort of Mr. Abner Hammond, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Charles, son of Wm. and Phidelia Ellison, aged 9 months and 5 days.

On the 6th inst. Sarah E. daughter of Robert and Mary Carter, aged 11 months and 20 days.

At Shawangunk, Ulster co. on the 3d inst. Mr. John Thompson, of this city, in the 69th year of his age.

At Ghent, on the 6th inst. Alonzo, son of Riley and Amelia Behee, aged 8 years and 11 months.

At Cincinnati, on the 31st ult. Susan Comstock, daughter of the late Ebenezer Comstock, of this city, in the 37th year of her age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

SONG.

BY ARTHUR DE VERE.

BEAUTY, Beauty gay, beware!
Lest the wily god deceive you,
If he take you in his snare
Oh! his mockery will grieve you.
Heed him not, the artful elf,
He is but an idle rover,
Never wooing for himself
Agent for some bushful lover.

Beauty, Beauty, guard thy heart!
Love is all a vain illusion;
And would you act wisdom's part
Suffer not its last intrusion.
Quench at once the rising flame,
Stifle each new-born emotion,
Else, in triumph, Love will claim
Thy young heart's supreme devotion.

Cassville, Nov. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

"AND Rebekah said unto Isaac, I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth; if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?"—GEN. xxvii., 46.

Alas, for thee, poor Jacob!

Thy mother's pride has fixed thy future fate,
And far from Canaan's beauteous daughters, thou
Must hie to distant Padan-aram's land,
And take a wife from out her kindred there—
What though thy heart be smitten, with the grace
Of some fair maiden of the tribe of Heth,
And thou, as did thy parent in his youth,
Goest forth at eve, to ponder in the field
On beauty, which thou fain would'st call thine own,
Conjuring to thyself delightful dreams,
And panorama's of connubial bliss
Thou hope'st to share with her, that maid of Heth,
And, as she leads her flocks to Sichem's well,
With feet unsandaled, and with lightsome pace,
Thy pulse rebounds unto that fairy step,
Beautiful, though unmeasured—

But vainly
Jacob, art thou sick of love! thy father
Isaac, bids thee rise, and flee thee unto
Padan-aram's clime; and from the house of
Laban, choose thy wife, lest she who bare thee,
Should be weary of her days!

Yes Jacob,
Thou must say farewell for aye
To the fond fancies of thy youthful heart,
Thy young desires are strangled in the breast
Which gave them nurture; and the sweet graces
Of the Canaanitish belle, though mingled
With thy best affections, like th' instinct
Which pairs the birds on Valentine's fresh morn
Must be as nought to thee; for thou must yield
Thee to maternal pride, whose aged ear
Is deaf to reason's voice, or love's response.

'Tis done—and Jacob, in a foreign land
Is wedded unto Laban's daughters, twain!
Yet, 'mid the sound of feasting and of mirth,
Which went abroad on that eventful eve,
Say, Jacob, wert thou happy? went not thy heart
Back to the land of Heth, with thoughts on
One, whom thou no more mightest see, or, seeing love?

Did future joys compensate for the breach
Of faith to thy first love; or household strife
Repay thy fourteen years of service hard?
Or didst thou learn, by stern experience too,
That wealth brought cares, and wives not always peace!
Would that the matrons of my native land,
Might learn a lesson from sad Jacob's fate;
And, as he bows to Pharaoh; hear him say
That few and evil were his days on earth,
Though six score years and ten, had been their course!

Are there no proud Rebekah's now, who stand
With tottering feet beside the grave's dread brink;
And yet extend the palsied hand of age,
To sever the affection of their Jacobs
From Heth's fair blooming maidens, while they point
To modern Padan-arams, where their sons
May wed the wealth of Cræsus? I pray you
Pause, ambitious mother, ere you counsel
Give, to your own darling son. A few short
Years, at most, Macpelah's cave shall shut thee
From the haunts of men; then what to thee were
Earthly pomp or glory?
Methinks proud aristocracy exclaims
The maid is poor! and sharp voiced bigotry
Whines forth; she dares to walk in other ways,
Of worship than our own, and, knows not, if
Few, if many, or if all be saved.

ANONYMOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

WINDS of the chilly north! I hear ye now—
In sullen murmurs where yon pine trees wave—
Lonely their shadows o'er the mountain's brow;
Lingering 'mid yellow leaves, then silent, save—
In fitful sighings o'er some wild flower's grave.
And louder now thy angry numbers tell—
Mysteriously the Frost-King's gathering spell.
Hark! how yon poplars groan beneath thy power,
Ever their slender branches thou art swaying,
Nestling 'mid brown leaves 'neath the faded bower—
Rushing o'er hollow reeds, whose wild sweet music playing,
Yet seems a spirit's fingers o'er the harp-strings straying.

Softly thou'rt murmuring now, but I would have thee breathe—
In sweeter numbers o'er one youthful brow;
Diffuse new vigor, and may Fortune wreath—
Ever her brightest garlands for him now.
Leave o'er his cheek's soft tinge th' *couleur de rose*,
Linger 'mid his fair locks—but spare his nose.
Chatham, 1844.

H. A. B.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES TO L—N—.

WHY ask, fair lady, for a song from me,
Whose lyre is hushed, and whose spell is broken—
In other days I might have breathed to thee
A tuneful lay as bright friendship's token.
When the zephyrs of day were lulled to rest,
And the purple light of eve was glowing,
I could have waked bright dreams within thy breast,
With the harp's wild strains in music flowing.

No ear save thine should hear the thrilling strains,
Breathed low like the magic music stealing,
O'er distant realms on ethereal plains;
The heart's deep fount of passion revealing.

But now no more its youthful tones entwine
Round the fair altar of mirth and gladness;
It will not respond to one touch of mine—
Its beauty is gone—its tones are of sadness.

I would not blight the hopes that bloom so fair
And wake in thy breast one thought of sorrow,
Nor dash aside the cup that sparkles there,
Reflecting beams that spangle the morrow.

Fulton, 1844.

L. D. J.

For the Rural Repository.

ADIEU!

'Twas thus I reasoned as I wept,
One long, long burning gush of tears—
It was an hour when others slept,
When curtained midnight veils life's tears,
In dreams of fancied bliss,
Of fairy happiness;—
And wraps in sun-clad imagery its forms.

Oh! what is life, but mockery all;
Its brightest visions cheat the eye;
They beckon us with magic call,
And we obey, we grasp—and sigh;
For they, alas! have fled,
Hushed is their mystic tread;
And we are left to gaze on vacant forms.
Or what is friendship? faithless sound;
Its plighted happiness how vain:

If wreck of soul on earth be found
Unmixed with aught but keenest pain,
Whose cup of woe is filled,
With bitterness distilled—
'Tis heart-confiding trust with scorn repaid!

And if perchance our friends prove true,
So wayward, ever is our lot,
We prove them, but to say adieu!—
Adieu! oh; say it, say it not!
Perish the unhallowed word,
Its sound is never heard,
In that bright world whose pleasures do not fade. M.
Hudson, November, 1844.

TO —.

You bid me in a chilling tone
Forget the happy past,
And in oblivion's misty arms,
Each dear remembrance cast—
Fling from my heart the cherished hopes
That better days have fled,
And turn from all I once adored,
As joys forever dead.
But vain the bidding—memory's seal
Is on my bosom set,
And all the changes life may bring
Can't teach me to forget.
Sweet hopes may fade, warm hearts grow cold,
And dimmed be beauty's eye,
But till life's music tones are mute,
Remembrance cannot die.

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